KLONDIKE.

Over the mountains and far away,
In the regions of ice and snow,
Many a pilgrim is trudging to-day
With a heart full of hope and shouting
"Yo-ho
For Klondike!"

Over the mountains, beyond the plains,
Where the great river winds to the sea,
Many a pioneer jingles his gains,
And sings in a frenzied ecstasy—
In Klondike!

Thousands and thousands of miles away,
In the land of the polar bear,
Many a man is digging to-day,
Only to find that there's nothing there—
In Klondike!

Many a husband, many a son,
And many a father, too;
Many a man who is dear to some one
Is climbing the glaciers, leading through
To Klondike!

Many a mother and many a wife
And many a one that is dear,
Is dreaming to-day of a happier life
And hopefully waiting to hear
From Klondike!

And thousands and thousands of golden hopes,
And many a dream that is fair
Are destined to die on the frozen slopes
And find their graves out there
In Klondike!

—Cleveland Leader.

AT SEAFOAM LODGE.

By HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"THERE must be no other boarders taken," said Mr. McCorkindale. "I stipulate for that."

"Oh, there will be none!" said Mr. Dewey, the boarding and real estate agent, nibbling the end of his pen. "I know Mrs. Sweetclover very well—a most respectable widow, in reduced circumstances—and I know all about Seafoam Lodge, a delightful place, on the edge of the ocean, where a man can't help being healthy."

"Very well," said Mr. McCorkindale. "Let her know that I consider the thing a bargain. I will send my trunks on Monday of next week."

Mr. McCorkindale had been summering at the Adirondacks, and had found that mountain breezes, black flies and dried pine-needles didn't agree with him. He was now resolved to try the seaside. And he went home, well pleased with the bargain he had made.

Now, Mr. Dewey was in a partnership—Dewey & Salter—and so neatly dovetailed together were the arrangements of the firm, that Mr. Salter, who dined at half-past twelve o'clock, came to "keep office" exactly at the hour in which Mr. Dewey, who dined at half-past one, took up his hat and cane to depart. And scarcely had Mr. Salter lighted his cigar, and settled his chair back at exactly the right angle of the wall, than in came Miss Mattie Milfoil, a blooming young old-maid, who gave lessons in swimming at the Aqua Pura Academy.

"I want board at the seaside for a month," said she. "At a place, please, where there are no other boarders. Prices must be moderate, and surf-bathing is a necessity."

"Ah," said Mr. Salter, bringing his chair down on its four legs at once, "the very place! Mrs. Sweetclover, a client of ours, has taken Seafoam Lodge, on the New Jersey coast, and has a clean, light, airy room to let, with good board, no mosquitoes—"

"Yes, I know," said Miss Milfoil. "Just let me look at her references."

The references proved satisfactory. Miss Milfoil struck a bargain at once.

"Let Mrs. Sweetclover expect me on Monday," she said; and Mr. Salter pocketed his commission with inward glee.

"Anything doing?" Mr. Dewey asked, when he came back from dinner, with a pleasant oleaginous flavor of roast pork and applesauce about him.

"I've let Mrs. Sweetclover's room for her," said Salter.

"Hello!" cried Dewey; "I let it, this morning, to old McCorkindale!"

"And I've just disposed of it to Miss Milfoil," sputtered Salter. "Why the deuce didn't you enter it on the books?"

"A man can't think of everything," said Mr. Dewey; "and I was going to enter it when I came back."

"But what are we to do now?" said Salter.

"Nothing," said Dewey. "Ten to one, one of the parties won't keep the contract. We're not to blame, that I can see."

And Mr. Dewey, a philosopher after his way, arranged his bulletin-board anew, and sat down, a human spider, to await the coming of any flies who might be disposed for business.

Mrs. Sweetclover, in the meantime, had swept and garnished Seafoam Lodge, until it was fresher than a cowslip and sweeter than roses.

She had decorated her up-stairs room with China matting, fresh muslin curtains, and dimity covers to the bureau and dressing-table.

"I do hope I shall be able to let it!" said Mrs. Sweetclover, with a sigh. "But there are so many seaside lodgings this year that—Dear me! here comes a gentleman and a valise up the beach-road, and as true as I live, he's making straight for my house!"

"Have my trunks arrived?" said the gentleman—"name of McCorkindale."

"Sir!" said Mrs. Sweetclover.

"I engaged the room through Dewey & Salter," said Mr. McCorkindale, "last week."

"It's the first I've heard of it," said Mrs. Sweetclover, all in a flurry. But you're kindly welcome, sir, and the room is quite ready, if you'll be so good as to step up stairs."

"Humph! humph!" said Mr. McCorkindale, gazing around him with the eye of an elderly eagle. "Very clean—tolerably airy—superb view from the windows. Upon my word I like the look of things."

"Do you think the apartment will suit?" said the widow, timidly.

"Of course it will suit!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "Here is a month's board in advance—ten dollars a week, the agent said. You may serve dinner at one o'clock. Blue-fish, roast clams, lobster-salad—any sort of seafood you may happen to have. I don't eat desserts. And now I'm going out to walk on the seashore."

Mrs. Sweetclover looked after him with eyes of rapture.

"The boarder of all others that I would have preferred," said she. "I am in luck! I thought yesterday, when I saw the new moon over my right shoulder, that something fortunate was going to happen."

But Mrs. Sweetclover had not stuffed the blue-fish for baking, when a light, firm foot-step crossed the threshold, and Miss Milfoil stood before her, in a dark-blue serge dress, and a sailor hat of black straw, while across her shapely shoulders was slung a flat black satchel, traveler-wise.

"Mrs. Sweetclover, I suppose?" said she.

The widow courtesied an affirmative.

"I am Mattie Milfoil," said the lady. "I rented your room, last week, of Dewey & Salter."

"Dear me!" thought the widow. "Am I dreaming?"

"I like the situation very much," continued Miss Milfoil, looking at the curling edges of foam that crept up the beach at the left, and then at a murmuring grove of maple trees at the north. "I shall probably remain here until Christmas, if I am suited!"

"But the room is let already!" faltered Mrs. Sweetclover, at last recovering her voice.

"Taken already!" repeated Miss Milfoil. "But that is impossible. I have taken it."

"There's some mistake at the Boarding Agency," said Mrs. Sweetclover, almost ready to cry. "It's been let twice; and I never knew of it until this moment. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It never rains but it pours!"

"But what am I to do?" said Miss Milfoil.

Mrs. Sweetclover's faded eyes lighted up with a faint gleam of hope.

"I've only the eligible apartment on the second floor," said she; "but if you don't mind the garret, there's a nice, airy room finished off there, with two dormer windows overlooking the ocean——"

"I'll look at it," said Miss Milfoil.

She looked at it, and she liked it, and she straightway sent to the village for her trunks, unpacked her books, her work-basket, her writing-desk and her portable easel, arranged some seaweed over the mantle and made herself at home.

Mr. McCorkindale, going upstairs from the dinner table that very day, heard a sweet, clear voice, singing the refrain of some popular ballad, from the upper story.

"Eh!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "Is that your daughter?"

"It's my lady boarder, sir," said Mrs. Sweetclover.

"Look here," said Mr. McCorkindale, stopping short—"this won't go down!"

"What won't go down, sir?" said the bewildered landlady.

"No other boarders taken, you know," said Mr. Corkindale. "That was my express stipulation."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Mrs. Sweetclover, "but—"

"And I'm not going to be trifled with!" said Mr. Corkindale. "Either she or I must go!"

"Couldn't it be managed, sir?" said the landlady, half terrified out of her senses.

"No, it couldn't" said Mr. McCorkindale.

At this moment, however, Miss Milfoil herself made her appearance on the scene, tripping down the stairs in a quiet, determined sort of way, and facing the indignant elderly gentleman as he stood there.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Milfoil.

"The matter," said Mr. McCorkindale, "is simply this. I have engaged my board here, on the express understanding that I am to be the only boarder."

"I see," said Miss Milfoil. "And I am in the way."

Mr. McCorkindale was ominously silent.

"But," said Mattie, with an engaging smile, "if I promise to be very quiet, and to refrain from annoying you in any manner whatsoever—"

"It would make no difference," said Mr. McCorkindale. "I object to young women."

"But," cried indignant Mattie, "suppose I were to object to middle-aged gentlemen on no better pretext?"

"You are perfectly welcome to do so," said Mr. Corkindale, stiffly. "You see, I am an old bachelor."

"And I am an old maid!" pleaded Mattie.

"It makes no difference—no difference at all!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "I am sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Sweetclover, but——"

"Stop!" said Mattie, resolutely. "Mrs. Sweetclover, if either of your boarders leaves you, it is I. I came last, and I occupy the least remunerative room. I will take my departure on the noon-train to-morrow."

And Mattie went back to her room and cried a little; for she had become very fond of her pretty little room already.

"At all events," said Mattie to herself, "I will get up before daylight to-morrow morning, and have one good swim in the surf."

She supposed, when she came out the next day, in her dark-blue bathing-suit and the coarse straw hat tied down over her eyes, that she would have the coast clear. But she was mistaken. Mr. McCorkindale was paddling, like a giant purpoise, in a suit of scarlet and gray, among the waves. He had always wanted to learn to swim, and here was a most eligible opportunity.

"He don't see me," said Mattie, to herself, as sh crept cautiously down in the shadow of the rocks. "If he did, I suppose he would issue a proclamation that the whole seashore belonged to him. But I hope there is room enough for us both in the Atlantic Ocean."

And Miss Milfoil struck out scientifically, gliding through the waves like a new variety of fish, with dark-blue scales, and straightway forgot all about the troublesome old bachelor.

"It's very strange," said Mr. McCorkindale, revolving around and around, like a steam paddle-wheel. "A log floats, but I can't seem to manage it without the help of my arms and legs. I've always understood that swimming was a very easy business, but—Pouf—ah-h—whust—sh—sh! Help! help! Pouf-f-f! I'm drowning! The undertow is carrying me out, and I can't help myself! Whush-sh! Oh! ah! help! he-e-e-elp!"

And Mr. McCorkindale's voice lost itself in a bubbling cry, while the deaf old fisherman upon the shore went on whistling and mending his net, and the solitary individual, who was picking up shells with his back toward the surf, never dreamed but that the stout gentleman was diving for his own amusement.

But Mattie Milfoil, cleaving her way steadily through the waves, perceived in a moment that something was wrong.

Mrs. Sweetclover fainted away when they laid the boarder on a pile of blankets on her kitchen floor.

She was one of those nervous ladies who always faint away at the least provocation.

But Mattie had all her senses about her; and, thanks to her courage and presence of mind, Mr. McCorkindale's life was saved.

"What is that rattling on the stairs?" he feebly inquired, as he sat up, the next day, in an easy-chair, with a curious sensation, as if a gigantic bumble-bee were buzzing in his head, and cataracts pouring through his ears.

"It's Miss Milfoil's trunk going away," said Mrs. Sweetclover, with a sniff of regret.

"Tell her not to go," said Mr. McCorkindale.

"Sir!" said Mrs. Sweetclover.

"Do you think I'm going to turn the woman who saved my life out of doors?" puffed Mr. McCorkindale.

"But I thought you objected to women," said Mattie's cheerful voice outside the door.

"I've changed my mind," said Mr. McCorkindale, with a fluttering semblance of a smile. "A man is never too old to learn. And I mean to learn to swim next week, if you will teach me."

He did learn. Miss Milfoil taught him. And the old bachelor and the old maid spent their month at the seaside, to use Mrs. Sweetclover's expression, "as quiet as two lambs."

"I declare," Mr. McCorkindale pensively observed, on the afternoon before his term was up, "I shall be very lonely after I leave here!"

"You'll be going back to the city, you know," cheerfully observed Miss Milfoil.

"But I shall miss you!" said the bachelor.

"Nonsense!" said Mattie.

"I wonder if you will miss me?" said Mr. McCorkindale.

"Well—a little," owned Miss Milfoil.

"Did you never think of marrying, Mattie?" abruptly demanded Mr. McCorkindale.

"Very often," she answered, calmly.

"And how is it that you never have married?"

Mattie laughed.

"Because I never found the right one," she said.

"Just my reason, exactly!" said Mr. McCorkindale. "But I think I have found her at last—and it's you, Mattie!"

"Is it?" said Miss Milfoil, coloring and smiling.

"Don't you think, if you were to try me, I might suit you—as a husband?" he asked, persuasively.

"I don't know," whispered Mattie.

"Try me!" said Mr. McCorkindale, taking her hand in his: and she did not draw it away.

How brief a time will sometimes suffice to turn the current of a lifetime! That month at Seafoam Lodge made all the difference in the world to Mr. and Mrs. McCorkindale.—Saturday Night.

ELEPHANTS FIGHT A DUEL.

Bulls Make a Mighty Interesting Spectacle For the Hunters.

Hearing sounds that indicated serious trouble in a herd of wild elephants on the Upper Congo River, a native hunter named Keema and a sportsman named Robard fled precipitately to a sturdy tree near by. What happened after that is told in Outing:

"They had scarcely reached their perches when a second division of the herd came rushing down the path which the men had just left, shrieking and trumpeting in anger and fear. The tree shook as the tornado of brutes swept by. On the left the shrieking was varied with cracking and lashing as of ropes against a mast. Keema climbed higher in his tree, and through a break in the forest discovered the cause of the trouble. In an open space two bull elephants were fighting. One of them was a leader of the herd, the other an old warrior bull tramp who had lost a tusk.

"'It is the rogue Hunga,' whispered Keema, 'and he will kill the other beauty—no use to try to stop him.'

"The hunters watched for a chance to fire as the brutes drew back a little and sprang together with lowered heads and big ears outspread, the skulls coming together with stunning force. On recovering they came together again, rising on their hind legs and striking down with their tusks as with a sword, shrieking with rage, and using their trunks like whip lashes. The men came from the tree and drew near to the fight through the bushes.

"'Shoot the leader,' said Keema; 'it is no use to try for the other.'

"Then it dawned on Robard that the savage deemed the wanderer an evil spirit not to be tried for, since it possessed magic power. The man came into sight of the leader of the herd behind Hunga, as the native called him, and the beast drew back, startled at the sight of a deadlier enemy than the wandering bull. The shrinking of the leader gave the tramp a chance, and, like a fencer, he gave a sharp thrust with his tusk. The leader staggered, but a shot behind Hunga's ear killed the other elephant. The leader leaned forward as if to rush to attack Robard, who had fired, but Keema was just behind the elephant, and with a keen, heavy knife hamstrung the beast with a single blow, disabling it. A bullet above the eye finished the creature."

Can't Chloroform Hornets.

William Harrold, a cigar dealer, has just won a good hot fight. For months his country residence at Mill Valley has been infested with hornets. Whence they came was a mystery, but every once in a while one would dart out, stab someone and disappear as mysteriously as it came. After months of suffering Harrold discovered that the hornets had taken up their abode between the walls on the shady side of his house. He made a small aperture and burned sulphur, but the disturbance was only temporary, and resulted in more annoyance to the owner of the house than to its vicious little tenants. Then Harrold tried chloroform, but the hornets only slumbered for a while and woke with renewed energy. Finally he was compelled to tear out the whole side of his house, remove the pests and their mud houses, and board it up again.—San Francisco Post.

Eccentric Provisions For Death.

Dr. and Mrs. Thayer, of Framingham, Mass., had their coffins made according to their own designs. For a long time the two coffins were finished and exhibited before either the doctor or his wife died. It took ten years to finish the work on the caskets, which were of carved rosewood, beautifully ornamented with silver. They cost $5000 apiece. The doctor died two years before his wife did, but she had his body placed in an ordinary coffin and went on exhibiting the rosewood coffins and delivering especial lectures. She died not long ago, and left money for the building of an elaborate marble tomb where she and her husband are to lie side by side. It is to be lighted by electricity for one hundred years.—New York Tribune.

A NEW AND NOVEL GUN.

UNCLE SAM IS BUILDING A WONDERFUL PIECE OF ORDNANCE.

Said to Be the Strongest War Implement Ever Made—Will Be Used For Coast Defenses Altogether—Will Weigh Thirty Tons—Terrific Striking Capacity.

Uncle Sam, says a New York letter in the Detroit Free Press, is building a new 10-inch wire gun of a brand new pattern to astonish the world. When Uncle Sam wants to do a thing he generally does it, and consequently all the governments on the surface of the globe watch his movements with no small degree of interest. Never before in the history of the manufacture of war implements has the world witnessed a fiercer struggle for superiority between gun and armor plate in every country of the globe than at the present time. Governments and private concerns alike take part in this race at breakneck speed. At this time of the race, however, no one can safely predict which of the two, gun or armor, will be the victor. As far as the navy is concerned the odds are slightly in favor of the guns, for it seems as if the thickness of armor for men-of-war has been nearly reached. Congress, taking this fact into consideration, made an appropriation last year for the construction of a 10-inch wire gun according to a new system invented by John Hamilton Brown, an American. This gun is now being built at the plant of the Reading Iron Company, by the inventor, under the supervision of one or two inspectors from the Ordnance Department of the United States Army.

Nearly every power of Europe has tried its hand at wire wound guns before and since that period. It now appears that only England and Russia made any headway, while France for the time being dropped the matter entirely, confining herself to keeping watch over the achievements of other governments. At present England is doing fairly well, but she will be left far behind if the new Brown ten-inch wire gun half way fulfills the expectations of government and inventor.

The gun will weigh thirty tons and and is expected to hurl a 600-pound shell with a muzzle velocity of 2988 feet per second. Such a velocity would give the projectile, if the shell weighs 600 pounds instead of the regulation weight of 680, a striking capacity of 38,410 foot-tons. In other words, the striking capacity per ton of weight of gun would be 1280 foot-tons at the muzzle—something unequalled in gun construction in any country.

This new 10-inch gun is and only can be intended for coast defense. Its great length, thirty-seven and one-half feet, makes it at once unavailable for use in the navy. The great length may also cause fortification engineers trouble with regard to construction of parapets when the gun is mounted on disappearing carriages in forts, as it must be.

The core of this new gun will consist of ninety longitudinal bars (segments) of approximately a little less than five-eighths of an inch in thickness; three and three-eighths of an inch in hight at the breach and then tapering down to the muzzle to one and one-fifth of an inch in hight. The length of the segments will be in the neighborhood of thirty-seven feet.

The steel in the segments of the new gun will have a tensile strength of 120,000 pounds to the square inch. The elastic limit will be 70,000 pounds per square inch, and the elongation from twenty to twenty-four per cent. There is no room for doubt that a bar of steel 100 feet long which can be stretched to a length of 124 feet before rupture takes place must contain a metal of excellent quality.

After the segments have been assembled and the breech and muzzle nut screwed on to them, thus forming the core of the gun, the winding of the wire round and round the core begins. The wire used in the new gun has an area of 1.49 of an inch, each side measuring 1.7 of an inch. As the wire is to be wound round the core under a pressure of about 98,000 pounds per square inch, and must retain an equal margin of strength in order to permit the core of the gun to expand safely in the firing and contract after the shot, it becomes at once apparent that the wire must have a very great elastic limit.

The weight of the seventy-five miles of wire amounts to 30,948 pounds. At the breech the gun will have from thirty-three to thirty-four layers of wire uniformly wound.

The winding, indeed, of each inch of these seventy-five miles of wire, with the uniform pressure of 98,000 pounds per square inch represents in itself a problem which it will be difficult to solve. It was clear from the start that the winding could not be done from an ordinary machine. A special one had to be constructed, and is now finished.

The total cost of the new gun is estimated at $30,000.

Mrs. Gertie Bemack Scholtman is dead in Jersey City, N. J., in her 101st year. She was born in Prussia. She saw Napoleon's march through Prussia, and waved a red handherchief at the great emperor.